

AMERICAN COURTS AS A CANADIAN SEES THEM

MR. JUSTICE RIDDELL: *Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Your Honors and Gentlemen:* I desire to begin by saying how glad I am to be with you, and by congratulating you upon the success of this gathering, both in numbers and enthusiasm. I do not say "spirits"—that word might give rise to misapprehensions. I desire particularly to congratulate you upon the eloquence and ability of the speakers who have preceded me.

I am not wholly a stranger in your magnificent State. One very near and dear to me passed many useful years upon an Iowa farm, and your Iowa sod covers all that earth can claim of him. Even without that, I should not consider myself a stranger here, for are we not of the same stock? Do we not speak the same language? Have we not centuries of glorious history in common? In comparison with those centuries, is not that unhappy misunderstanding which separated you and me nationally, but a thing of yesterday? Nay, is not that separation itself but skin deep in comparison with our essential and fundamental unity of race and genius and ideal?

I do not know how an Iowan feels when he puts his foot in Ontario or Canada in general. But I do know how a Canadian, at least an English speaking Canadian, feels when he puts his foot in this Republic and in this State; he feels that he is among very brethren.

I do not propose to speak to you about government—about your forms, notions, and rules of government. If I did that, I fear I should be conspicuous—as conspicuous as my friend, the Governor of Missouri, felt he would be if he spoke to you as a delegate instructed for Roosevelt. I am reminded of the little girl who said to her mother: "Mother, dear, do you think I will go to Heaven?" The mother replied: "Yes, dear, I think you will, if you are a good girl." The girl said: "And mother, do